

NOVEMBER

NO. 18

10¢

# CRACK

## COMICS



THE CLOCK



JANE ARDEN



LIAS THE SPIDER

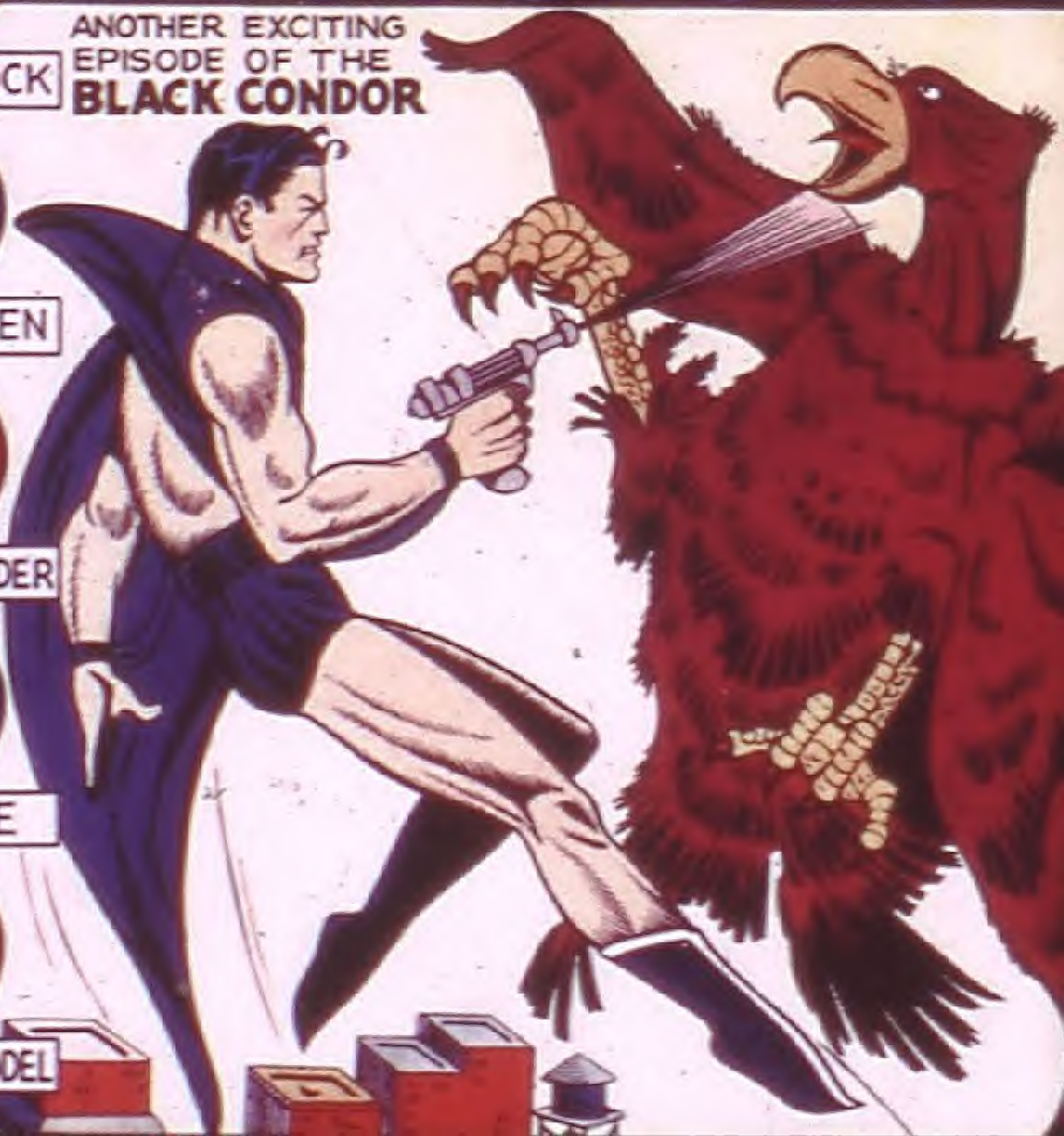


SPITFIRE



MOLLY THE MODEL

ANOTHER EXCITING  
EPISODE OF THE  
**BLACK CONDOR**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# How Jimmy Got His New

# SCHWINN-BUILT BIKE



He filled out and sent in the coupon for the big Free Movie Cyclorama with movie and Mother. They saw the small pictures. I want you to have—strong, safe—with him! pictures and their favorite bikes. and read all about Schwinn-Built bicycles. Schwinn Safety Brakes that stop instantly.



**GUARANTEED  
FOR LIFE**

See, boys and girls! This is the bike you want—a genuine Schwinn-Built, like the big movie stars ride! Get one of those swell Movie Cyclorama books free, then show Dad and Mother the pictures and they'll see why everybody wants a Schwinn-Built bike! Boy, what a bike! Rides so slick, pedals so easy, with many exclusive accessories—built-in Cyclelock, Spring Fork, safe, fast-stopping Fore-Wheel Brake, big lights—and built so strong it's **GUARANTEED FOR LIFE!** 11 different models—and honestly, they are all tops! All Schwinn-Built bicycles are built to order and there's a model exactly suited to your needs, regardless of your size or age. So hurry!—send the coupon on a penny postcard today, for your **FREE** Movie Cyclorama, to help you get a Schwinn-Built of your own.



To be sure it's a real Schwinn-Built, look for the Schwinn Seal on the frame.

**Arnold, Schwinn & Company, Inc.**  
1734 North Eldorado Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your Free Movie Cyclorama with pictures of the movie stars.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_

SEND FOR YOUR

**FREE!**

## MOVIE CYCLORAMA

—with big colored pictures of Buck Jones, Ring Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Constance Bennett, and other movie stars, and latest Schwinn-Built models. Just paste coupon on a postcard and mail your name and address. Arnold, Schwinn & Company, 1734 North Eldorado Ave., Chicago, Illinois.



*For the Pleasure  
of a Lifetime!  
Schwinn-Built Bicycles*

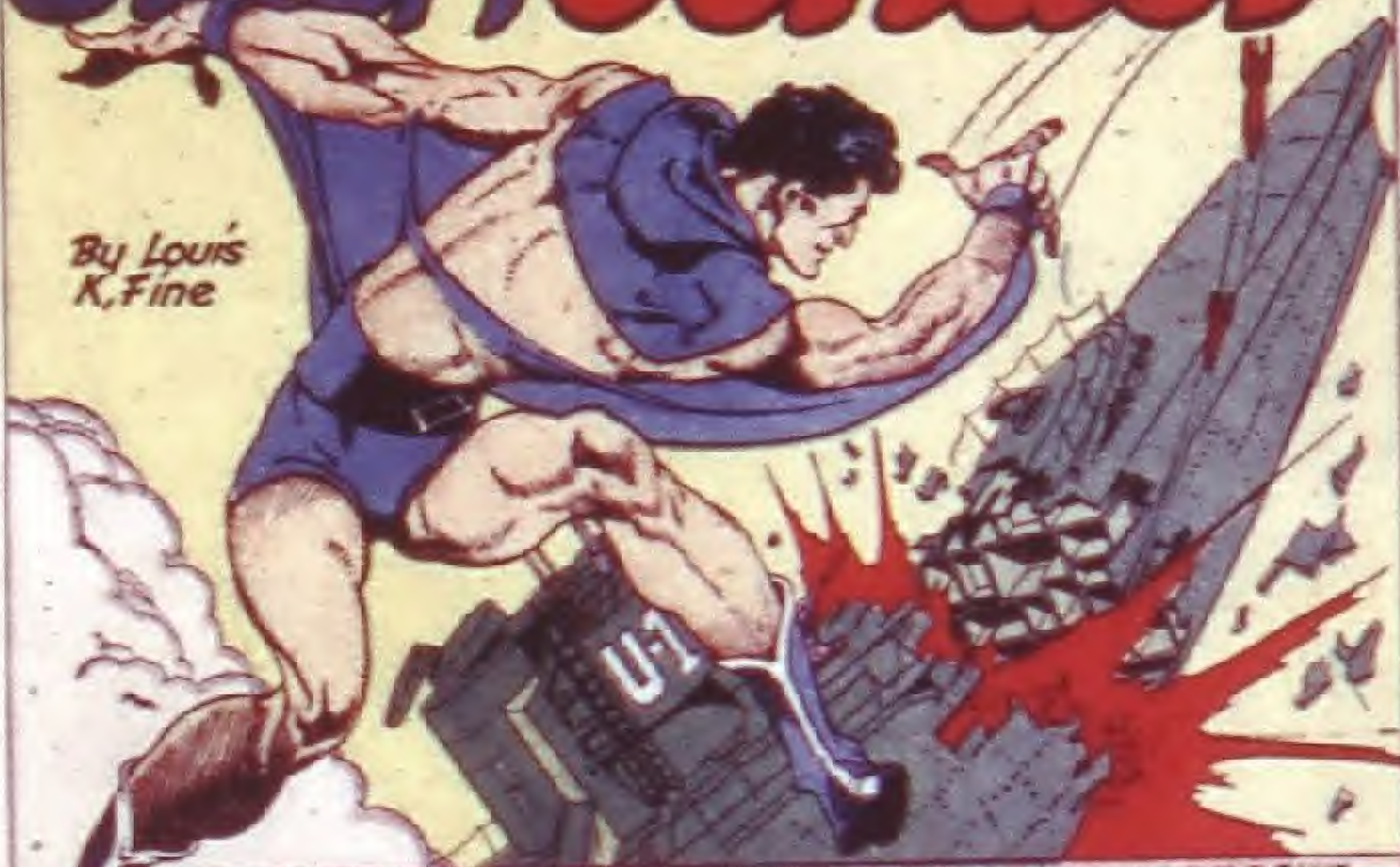
# Schwinn-Built Bicycles

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# The Black Condor

By Louis K. Fine



THE DREADED BLACK CONDOR AND THE MILD SENATOR TOM WRIGHT ARE ONE AND THE SAME SINCE THE MURDER OF THE REAL SENATOR WRIGHT... THIS SWITCH IN PLACES HAS BEEN KEPT FROM LOVELY WENDY FOSTER BECAUSE OF THE EFFECT... AND IT IS KNOWN ONLY TO HER FATHER, DR. FOSTER... THE BLACK CONDOR NOW CRUSHES THE SPONGES OF AN AMAZING PLOT.

DOZENS OF SCIENTISTS HAVE VANISHED DURING THE PAST FEW MONTHS...

BUT, GENTLEMEN, I AM WORKING ON A SECRET GOVERNMENT DEVICE!

EXACTLY, PROF. STEINER, AND OUR GOVERNMENT WANTS YOUR INVENTION!

NEXT DAY, AN ANGRY CROWD CLAMORS IN THE STREETS...

WHAT'S THE F.B.I. DOING?

AS TAXPAYERS WE DEMAND PROTECTION!!

AS SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, THE BLACK CONDOR IS NOW IN DOCTOR FOSTER'S HOME...

TOM, YOUR BILL TO INCREASE THE F.B.I. APPROPRIATION DIDN'T GO OVER IN THE SENATE, EH?

NO!! AND HOW CAN THE SECRET SERVICE WORK WITHOUT FUNDS?



ON AN INVESTIGATION TOM BRIGHT  
NOW PILOTS A PLANE OVER A  
SMALL BUT BUSY FACTORY.

ODD... ALL THOSE BOX-CARS AND  
SUCH A SMALL PLANT!



THAT NIGHT, THE SENATOR LURKS  
NEAR THE FACTORY

MUST BE  
CAREFUL... THIS FENCE  
IS PROBABLY WIRED TO  
AN ALARM!



HMM... HUNDREDS  
OF CARS... ARE THEY  
EMPTY OR... HEY!



AM I SEEING THINGS... OR DID  
THAT END CAR SUDDENLY  
DISAPPEAR?!



HELLO THERE,  
FELLA... I SAY...



W. WHAT  
D'YA...??

SENATOR! DO YOU  
WANT TO MAKE A  
HUNDRED  
DOLLARS?



SO, UPON IDENTIFYING THE WORKER'S  
CLOTHES, TOM GETS INSIDE THE  
PLANT...

EVERYTHING SEEMS  
ALL RIGHT. YET I...



C'MON! MOVE  
FASTER HENNEY!  
H. HEY! YOU AINT  
HENNEY!



THE FOREMAN DRAWS A GUN...  
SEN. HEAL? THE BOSS'LL WANT  
SEE YOU... START WALKIN'!















GUARDS!! THEY WENT UNDER THE SPELL NICELY... ASSIGN THESE MEN TO THEIR DUTIES!



CLEVER... PUTTING THEM IN A TRANCE... AND DEVILOSH!!



NEXT THE BIRD-MAN LOOPS INTO A HUGE LABORATORY...

WHY!! THERE'S DR. PAIGE AND THE GREAT HANS ERLUCKA... MAYBE I CAN PENETRATE THEIR TRANCE!



AS FAST AS SENATOR WRIGHT, THE BLACK CONDOR SUCCESSFULLY BREAKS DR. PAIGE'S SPELL...

DR. PAIGE!! DR. PAIGE!! YOU KNOW ME... TOM WRIGHT!!

W. WHERE AM I... WHAT...? OH... I REMEMBER... THEY KIDNAPPED US AND...



QUICK... TAKE ME TO YOUR QUARTERS... I'LL RESTORE THE OTHER MEN... WE'LL SMASH THIS PLACE...

OH... THERE ARE MANY OF US HERE... THEY USED US TO HELP WRECK AMERICA!



THESE CELLS WERE OUR HOMES TOM... WE EACH HAD ONE... I'D BETTER RETURN NOW...

YES... PRETEND TO BE STILL IN THE TRANCE!



SOME MEN GO TO CELL WRIGHT BREAKS THE SCIENTIST'S SPELL...

YOU'RE AWAKE... AWAKE!!



THERE NOW... YOU'RE ALL NORMAL AGAIN... NEARLY A HUNDRED OF YOU!

IF WE CAN ONLY GET THEIR FIENDISH LEADER!



A SPOTTER FLASHES A TENSE MESSAGE TO THE SURFACE

CALLING THE LEADER! THE MEN ACT STRANGE... WE THINK TRANCES ARE BEING BROKEN BY SOMEONE!





LEADER SPEAKING!!  
TAKE NO CHANCES WITH  
THEM. DO AS YOU'VE BEEN  
INSTRUCTED!!



HA! THIS ENDS THE CAREERS  
OF AMERICA'S GREATEST  
SCIENTISTS..... BY  
ELECTROCUTION!!



THOUSANDS OF VOLTS ARE SENT  
THROUGH THE STEEL SHACKS....

BUT THE SHACKS ARE EMPTY...THE  
SCIENTISTS ARE ELSEWHERE AWAITING  
TOM WRIGHT'S STRIKING SIGNAL....



ARE WE  
READY?

THE GUARDS DISCOVER THE HOAX...



THEY FOOLED US...  
THEY WERENT IN THE  
SHACKS. THE LEADER  
WILL SHOOT US.

C'MON...  
WE'LL  
START  
HUNTIN'  
'EM DOWN!



SOON...

WERE YA  
ARENT BACK  
TYER SHACK!



HOLY CATS!!  
IT'S THE  
BLACK  
CONDOR!!



SCIENTISTS!!  
ROUND UP THESE  
FIENDS.. TAKE THEM  
TO THE SURFACE  
ON THE  
ELEVATOR!!



BUT A DEADLY BRY MACHINE CISTS  
ITS BEAM AT THE MEN

THIS'LL STOP 'EM!  
HALT, FOOLS!!



THE BLACK CONDUIT BLINDS THE MEN  
WHICH MEETS OVER-HEAD GROUND.  
MACHINERY CRASHES....



THE NEW MACHINE IS QUICKLY BOMBED INTO  
A BAITING SUBMARINE....



EVERYTHING NOW  
ABOARD. HURRY,  
YOU FELLAS!

THIS  
DISINTEGRATOR  
WILL BLAST THE  
COAST APART!

THE SEA MONSTER QUICKLY WHIPS  
INSIDE A LOCK.....



THE BLACK  
RAY SHOULD  
OPEN THAT SEA  
DOOR LIKE A  
TIN CAN...

BUT RUNNING FEET CLATTER ABOVE...



THE  
HYPNOTIST  
THINK I CAN  
USE THAT  
BIRD!!



WHA! I'VE GOT  
A JOB FOR YOU  
GENIUS!

NO!! NO!! LET  
ME GO!! LET ME  
GO!!



NOW... WE ARE  
ALONE AND THIS  
HOLE IS FILLING WITH  
WATER... CALL  
YOUR LEADER!!

B... BUT...  
I... I...  
CAN'T...  
NO...



OH!! OH!!  
W... WE'LL  
DROWN!!  
LEADER!!  
LEADER!!  
DO YOU  
HEAR  
ME??

WHEN HE APPEARS  
ON THE TELEVISOR  
YOU HYPNOTIZE HIM.  
UNDERSTAND??









MAYBE I CAN  
PULL THE FLIER  
FROM THAT  
COFFIN!



EASY, MEN, WE'LL  
MAKE IT!



I'LL LAND YOU  
ABOARD THIS  
WARSHIP!!

W. WHO ARE YOU??  
AND WHAT KIND OF A  
GUN DID THAT SUB  
USE ON US?



I NEED THESE  
BOMBS COMMANDER.  
HEAD FOR PORT...  
I'LL VISIT  
THOSE SUBS!

BUT WHAT?  
WHERE?  
WHO  
ARE YOU  
ANYWAY?



TELL YOU LATER,  
SIR!! THESE BOMBS  
ARE ITCHING TO  
CONNECT!!

IT'S THE BLACK  
CONDOR! THAT'S  
WHO HE IS!



NUMBER ONE!!  
JUST LIKE  
SWATTING  
FLIES!



IN RAPID ORDER THE SEA MONSTERS  
FALL EASY VICTIMS.....



LATER, AS WENDY FOSTER AND HER  
FATHER READ THE HEADLINES ACCOM-  
PANIED BY TOM BRIGHT'S PHOTO

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL  
DADDY...AND TOM  
DID IT ALL  
HIMSELF TOO!

GREAT!!  
I KNEW HE'D  
PUT IT OVER!



IT'S  
GRAND, TOM...  
AND YOU FOUND  
THOSE SCIENTISTS?  
TEE HEE...YOU'RE  
GETTING MORE LIKE  
THAT BLACK  
CONDOR EVERY  
DAY!!

SURE, I'LL  
SURPRISE YOU,  
WENDY...  
WHY I  
MIGHT  
EVEN FLY  
LIKE HIM  
IF I TRIED  
REAL  
HARD!!



# HOLLY the MODEL

OH, MOLLY- I'D LOVE TO MEET YOUR FATHER





# Molly the Model



Molly The Model appears each month in CRACK COMICS.





ADAMANT GREY HAS LOCATED A SUNKEN TREASURE SHIP AND PLANS TO SALVAGE ITS GOLD. BUT THE BLACK SHARK IS OUT TO GRAB IT FOR HIS WAR CHEST. THE TROUBLE STARTS WHEN...

GREY CALLING THE RED TORPEDO... WRECK FOUNDED WEST OF COCOS ISLE.



BLACK SHARK ACTS FAST.



THAT'S ENOUGH! NOW I CAN GET A TRAD FOR RED!

THE BLACK SHARK RAISES THE TREASURE.



I'LL TRANSFER THIS GOLD TO MY CARBO PLANE!

BUT WITH AMAZING SPEED THE RED TORPEDO STREAKS TOWARD COCOS ISLE.









THEY REACH THE MONGOL NAVY BASE ON SATAN'S ISLAND.



EXCELLENT, BLACK SHARK. AS YOUR REWARD I GIVE YOU THE MEDAL OF MARU-KURA, THE HIGHEST HONOR.



IF THAT'S HOW YOU FEEL... GUARDS! THROW 'EM BOTH INTO THE TEST TANK TO FIGHT IT OUT.



THE WINNER SHALL BE SET FREE!



RED WINS! THROW THE BLACK SHARK BACK IN!



RED'S SWIFT BLOWS CLEAR THE WAY.



HERE'S ONE FOR YOU, ADMIRAL!



BUT SUDDEN REINFORCEMENTS CAPTURE RED AGAIN!









SOON THE BLACK SHARK IS SPEEDING WEST.



THE RED TORPEDO IS FORCED TO THE SURFACE.



A SURPRISE PUNCH MEETS THE BLACK SHARK.



"BLACKIE" IS THROUGH FOR THE DAY... I'LL LEAVE HIM IN MY TORPEDO AND GO AFTER THE ADMIRAL IN BLACKIE'S PLANE!



SOON AFTER...



RED MIMICS SHARK'S VOICE.



AND QUICKLY DISARMS HIS OPPONENT.



NOW WE'LL HEAD FOR PROFESSOR GREY'S BASE ON COCOS ISLE... YOU WON'T BE RELEASED UNTIL YOUR MEN RETURN THE GOLD!





# TOR THE MAGIC MASTER



BY FRED SARGENT

THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE STOPS AND EXAMINES THE TRACK!



**T**OR, THE MAGIC MASTER, IS REALLY JIM SLADE, ROVING PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER. WHEN WEARING A MOUSTACHE AND MAGICIAN'S GARB JIM BE- COMES TOR AND KEEPS THIS DISGUISE A SECRET. HE IS NOW GAZING INTO HIS CRYSTAL BALL!

QUICKLY SETTING TO WORK THE STRANGER STARTS TO REMOVE THE SPIKES FROM THE RAILS!



GREAT SCOTT! A SABOTEUR! AND THE TROOPS ARE DUE ANY MOMENT!



GRABBING HIS MINIATURE CAMERA TOR RACES HIS CAR TO THE AIRPORT!





IN A CHARTERED PLANE TOR TAKES TO THE AIR... TO RACE THE TRAIN TO THE DANGER ZONE!



FOLLOW THE DELAWARE RAILROAD TRACKS!



SOON THE PLANE OVERTAKES THE TRAIN SPEEDING ALONG FAR BELOW.



A FEW MINUTES AFTER PASSING THE TRAIN TOR RECOGNIZES THE GORGE SEEN IN HIS CRYSTAL!



AND THERE IS THE SABOTEUR RUNNING AWAY!

YOU CAN LET ME OUT HERE, PILOT!

HUH? THERE'S NO PLACE TO LAND AROUND HERE!



THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY. I'D JUST AS SOON DROP!

WHAT? IT'S A THOUSAND FEET DOWN THERE!



NEVERTHELESS TOR STEPS FROM THE COCKPIT AND PLUMMETS TOWARD THE GROUND.



HE MUST BE NUTS!

SDNAH, EMOCEB SGNIW!



AT HIS MAGICAL GESTURE TOR'S ARMS BECOME WINGS!



THESE'LL SLOW ME UP QUITE A BIT!



THE MAGICIAN LANDS EASILY ON THE TRACKS AS THE TRAIN APPEARS IN THE DISTANCE.



TOR QUICKLY TAKES A SMALL RIMLESS MIRROR FROM HIS POCKET AND PLACES IT UPRIGHT BETWEEN THE RAILS!



ELTTIL RORRIM, EMOCEB A DNASUHT SEMIT REGRAL!



UNDER THE MAGICIAN'S INFLUENCE THE MIRROR GROWS A THOUSAND TIMES LARGER!



IN THE APPROACHING TRAIN THE ENGINEER LOOKS INTENTLY DOWN THE TRACK...



WHAT LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER TRAIN TO THE ENGINEER IS MERELY THE REFLECTION OF HIS OWN TRAIN IN THE HUGE GLASS MIRROR!



HULLY GEE! A TRAIN COMING HEAD ON! PULL THE EMERGENCY BRAKES!

HOPE THAT TRAIN CAN STOP TOO!



JAMMING ON THE BRAKES THE TRAIN COMES TO A GRINDING HALT A FEW FEET FROM THE MIRROR, AND WHAT APPEARS TO THE ENGINEER AS THE OTHER TRAIN!





THE ENGINEER QUICKLY CLIMBS OUT OF THE TRAIN.



JUST A MINUTE WHILE I SHRINK THE MIRROR BACK TO NORMAL!



NOW, MR. ENGINEER, LOOK AT THIS RAIL... ALL THE SPIKES HAVE BEEN REMOVED!

WELL, I'LL BE! BROTHER, YOU PREVENTED A TRAIN WRECK AND SAVED THE LIVES OF A LOT OF SOLDIERS!



WHO DID IT? HOW DID YOU—

NEVERMIND, CALL OUT THE SOLDIERS FOR A MANHUNT. THE SABOTEUR RAN UP IN THOSE HILLS!



IMMEDIATELY A DETAIL OF SOLDIERS SWARMS UP THE STEEP CLIPPS AFTER THE WOULD-BE TRAIN WRECKER!



FAR UP ON THE HILL THE GUILTY FOREIGN AGENT TRIES TO GET AWAY!

THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME!



BUT ONE SOLDIER, FASTER THAN THE REST, CLOSES IN ON HIS QUARRY!

THERE HE GOES!



THE CHASE GOES ALONG A NARROW PATH HIGH ABOVE THE RAILROAD TRACK!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY, NOW!



TURNING LIKE A CORNERED RAT, THE SABOTEUR LEAPS AT HIS PURSUER!

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, SOLDIER!





LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT THE TWO MEN STRUGGLE ON THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE!



FAR BELOW ON THE TRACKS TOR AND THE OTHERS WATCH THE FIGHT!



I'M GETTING SOME SWELL PICTURES OF THE ARMY IN ACTION!

SUDDENLY THE GROUND BENEATH THE FIGHTING MEN GIVES WAY!



RESPONDING TO TOR'S WILL THE TREE GROWING OUT THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF REACHES OUT AND GRABS THE FALLING MEN!



THEY'RE FALLING - THEY'LL BE KILLED!

I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!



FFILC EERT, BARG ESCHT NEM!



LUCKY FOR US THIS TREE WAS HERE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...



HERE HE IS, SERGEANT!

GOOD WORK, PRIVATE BAXTER. YOUR UNCLE SAM WILL TAKE CARE OF THIS GUY! HEY - WHERE'S THAT MAGICIAN?

OUT OF SIGHT, TOR HAS BECOME JIM BLADE!



WELL THE MAGIC ENDS HERE. I'LL GO BACK TO THE OFFICE WITH MY PICTURES TO ONCE AGAIN WATCH THE BOSS COLLAPSE IN WONDER AT IT ALL!



# Slap Happy Pappy

by  
RALPH  
JOHNS



Enjoy Slap Happy Pappy in the December issue of CRACK COMICS.





EVER HEAR OF THE DESERT PEOPLE OF KOOLA? FOR YEARS THEY WERE AT PEACE WITH THEIR NEIGHBOR TRIBES. BUT NOW A NEW LEADER IS THREATENING TO UNITE KOOLA AND REBEL AGAINST THE PLANET'S RULERS!



A MAN NAMED YUK-YUK IS BLAMED FOR THE UPRISING AND HE MUST BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE. NOW THERE ARE MUCH MORE DANGEROUS JOBS ON THE LIST BUT YOUR JOB FOR THE PRESENT IS TO GET YUK-YUK!

YES SIR!



HA/HA/ LITTLE DO THEY KNOW I'VE JUST SENT THE TWO BEST MEN OF THE LEGION AFTER THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN THE UNIVERSE!



SOON ROCK AND CURLY ARE ON THEIR WAY...

KOOLA! THE GREAT BARREN PLANET NEAR MARS...

WHERE? WHAT HEAT! I CAN'T IMAGINE MEN GOING AROUND HAVING REBELLIONS. IT'S TOO HOT!

DID YOU HEAR HIM SAY THERE ARE MUCH MORE DANGEROUS JOBS? YUK-YUK... BAK!



THERE'S A LARGE CITY ON THIS SIDE OF THE DESERT. WE'LL LAND THERE, CURLY!



LOOK! THE WHOLE CITY'S IN RUINS!

SAY, THIS YUK-YUK MUST BE MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE CHIEF THOUGHT!



THE ENTIRE PLANET'S LAD WASTE BY THE MARAUDERS WERE TOO LATE!

BUT WHERE IS EVERYBODY?































# ALIAS

# The SPIDER



IN  
THE  
MIDST  
OF  
ALL  
GAVE,  
CRIMINALS  
BEYOND  
THE  
REACHING  
ARM  
OF  
THE  
LAW



DON'T  
BOSS! DIS IS  
GUIDE!

IT'S  
MY FIRST  
CHANCE  
IN A  
WEEK  
I'LL HAVE  
TO RISK  
IT!

AT THE TOP OF A  
LARGE BUILDING IN  
NEW YORK CITY.



A FIGURE IN BLACK  
BELONGS TO A SHIFTY-  
EYED MEMBER OF  
THE UNDERWORLD.



I WANT  
A HUNDRED  
AND FIFTY  
GRAND...  
YOU KNOW  
WHAT THEY'RE  
WORTH!



YES... HALF  
A MILLION IF THEY'RE  
GENUINE!



SUBJECT THE  
THROWING  
DOWN THE  
WALL TO ABOUT  
THREE STORES  
UP... AND  
DOWN...



WELL, WELL, QUITE A HAND! PART OF THE RUSSIAN CROWN JEWEL COLLECTION! I KNOW ONE THING ABOUT THIS GUY NOW... HE'S A CROOK, AND NO SMALL FRY!

SUDDENLY AND AS QUICK AS A FLUP, THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE IN BLACK GRABS THE JEWELS OUT OF THE FENCIBS HAND AND STEPS BACKWARDS.

SOMEONE IS WATCHING AND LISTENING TO US! SORRY BUT YOU ARE OF NO MORE USE TO ME!

WELL, NO... I BEG...!



AND THIS IS FOR YOU, NOSEY!



AS THE SHOT ENDS OUT THE SPIDER DROPS.



I'VE PULLED THIS STUNT MORE THAN ONCE!



AS THE SPIDER DROPS OUT OF THE ALLEY, ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE MYSTERIOUS BLACK FIGURE IS A OLD SPEEDING AWAY!



FROM NOW ON YOU'RE DRIVING A MARKED CAR!

BUT THE SPIDER'S FALL IS RAISED... A QUICK TURN AND HE LANDS ON HIS FEET!



MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT WHO THAT GUY WAS FROM THE GUY WE SHOT!



HOLY CATS!



WITH THE SPEED OF  
LIGHTNING, THE  
SPIDER DASHES OUT  
OF THE ALLEY AGAIN.



AT THE SAME TIME, OF COURSE, THE  
SPIDER'S CONFIDENTIAL SERVANT  
RUSHES OUT OF THE BUILDING.

BOSS, YOU'RE  
SOKAY. I  
THOUGHT YOU  
HAD A SOBER!

NO, CHOK,  
WE'VE GOT TO  
GET TO THE  
BLACK MOON.



WON'T HE WANT  
WHAT STARTED  
THIS?



PLENTY. THE WRITING IN  
BLOOD BY THE DEAD MAN  
IN THE ALLEY. IT



THE CROW... MOST  
FEARED MAN OF  
THE UNDERWORLD...  
DESTRUCTIVE  
BOUGHT BY THE POLICE  
IN EVERY COUNTRY  
ON THE EARTH.



FOR MURDER... AT THE  
PRICE OF A CUP OF  
COFFEE.



FOR TERROR... AT THE  
PRICE OF A HUNDRED  
THOUSAND LIVES.



A HORRIFIC MAN...  
WITH THE BRIM OF A  
CANNON BARREL...  
MADE PATHS NO MAN  
HAD YET COINED AND  
LIVED TO TELL OF IT.



HE, THE SPIDER,  
DARES WATCH HIS  
WITH HIM.

BOSS,  
YOU'RE NUTS. THIS  
GUY'S TOO SMART EVEN  
FOR YOU!

WATERS!



I WATCHED HIS WITH  
A BLACK PANTHER IN  
AFRICA ONCE... AND  
NOW... I'LL WATCH HIS  
WITH THIS RAT... OR  
ANY OTHER RAT OF HIS  
KIND ANY TIME AT ALL.



BUT THIS IS DIFFERENT.  
SUPPOSE HE GETS  
THE DROP ON  
YOU FIRST?

HE BEAT  
HIM TO IT.  
HE MARKED  
HIS CAR WITH  
MY SEAL.





BOSS, LOOK  
IS THAT TH  
CAR?

YEP, MY SEAL  
IS ON THE BACK  
OF IT! CHUCK,  
TAKE THE WHEEL.  
WE'RE CLOSING IN ON  
THE CROW! LISTEN,  
HERE'S MY PLAN...

A SHORT TIME  
LATER, THE CROW  
CAR STOPS AT  
AN ABANDONED  
BREWERY...

...NOT REALIZING THAT  
THE SPIDER IS CLOSE  
BEHIND!

GOT MY PLAN  
STRAIGHT,  
CHUCK?

SURE!  
SEE YOU  
SOON!

AS THE SLIGHT BLACK  
MOON STREAKS OFF  
AGAIN, THE SPIDER  
MAKES HIS WAY TO THE  
TOP OF THE BREWERY...

SHUT UP YOU GUYS.  
HERE COMES  
TH' BOSS!

WHAT  
A KOB!

WE'RE MOVING!  
I'VE BEEN SEEN  
BY THE SPIDER!  
WE'RE CRACKING THE  
INDUSTRIAL BANK  
AT ONCE. AFTER  
THAT, SCATTER AND  
MEET IN SAN  
FRANCISCO IN  
THREE WEEKS!

WHAT?

YOU AIN'T LETTING  
THIS SPIDER GUY  
RUN YOU OUT  
OF TOWN! FOR  
A MINUTE I  
THOUGHT YOU  
WERE YELLER!

ROOL! I KEEP  
UNSEEN SO NO  
ONE WILL  
KNOW  
WHO TO  
LOOK FOR! THAT'S  
WHY I LAST SO LONG  
IN THIS RACKET.  
AND YOU DON'T

THE REST OF  
YOU IN!

WELL, WHAT  
MUST BE DONE  
MUST BE  
DONE!

THIS GUNS  
UP MY PLANS!  
I'VE GOT TO KEEP  
THESE GAYS HERE  
UNTIL CHUCK GETS  
BACK!



AS THE CROWD MEN START  
TO LEAVE, THE SPIDER  
STAYS!



AT THE SIGHT OF  
THE SPIDER'S  
DEAL, THE MEN  
TURN AND LET  
LOOSE A DEEPEN-  
ING BURST OF LAUGH



NOT QUITE FAST ENOUGH!  
IF I CAN KEEP THEM BUSY  
FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES,  
HOB, CHUCK WILL BE  
BACK AND YOU YEGGS  
WILL GET THE SURPRISE  
OF YOUR LIFE!



NOT QUITE TWO  
MINUTES LATER  
THE BLACK RIDGE  
CRASHES INTO THE  
OLD BREWERY



THE TIME I DON'T  
WISH I'LL LONG  
SUCKER!



I GOT TO RACE  
AFTER ME, BOSS.  
BUT I HAD TO  
BUY THE CENTS  
OF YOURS THROUGH  
YOUR STATIONS TO  
GET THEM STARTED.  
THEY JUST DON'T BELIEVE  
YOU EVER NEED ANY  
HELP FROM THE  
REV. MADGE'S.

BOSS!



THE LOW-DOWN RATE,  
THEY GOT THE BOSS!  
I GUESS THE THE  
BONNA HAPPEN!  
I GUESS IT!



THE GOOD NEWS,  
I'LL MODERATE IN  
KING. THE THE  
HEY, HE AIN'T DEAD!  
JUST OUT! BOSS, BOSS!  
NAKE UP, IT'S ME,  
CHUCK... BOSS!







Y-ES DOPPEL. MAKE UP! TH' COPS ARE COMING... I CAN'T YOU HEAR TH' SIREN ON... I GOTTA DO IT... IT'S TH' ONLY WAY TO PUT LIFE INTO HIM!



I WOULDN'T BE DOING THIS IF YOU HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO COME TO LIKE ORDINARY PEOPLE!



THE INDUSTRIAL BANK... I'VE GOT TO GET THERE AND STOP THE CROW BEFORE...



OKAY, DOPPEL, I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! YOU CAN MAKE UP ON TH' FLY! HEY, FRANK COPS!



WITH ONLY SECONDS TO MAKE CHUCK REAGAN RUN INTO THE BLACK HOLE AND BEAT ON HIM!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...



YOU!

RIGHT HE CROW!



HOLY MACGREL OVERGATE LOOK SO THAT'S WHAT THE SPIDER HAD UP HIS SLEEVE!



A GOOD OLD FASHIONED BANK ROBBERY... AND HE THOUGHT THE SPIDER WAS GONNA OFF HIS NUTS!



BEFORE LONG EVERYONE THE CROW WAS BOUND UP AGAIN!

TH' CROW HE AIN'T HERE!



WATERS TH' BOMB NOT HIM! HEY... BOSS... BOSS!



HERE, CHUCK, TAKE HIM TO A HOSPITAL SO HE'LL LAST LONG ENOUGH TO REACH WHEN WHERE HE BELONGS! THE EXPLOSIVE OF THE CROW ARE FINISHED!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Illustrated by M. D'AVITA

TOUGH LUCK, BOB—  
DROP HIM NEXT TIME,  
THOUGH!

HECK, IF I DIDN'T  
KNOW ONCE IN A  
WHILE THESE PREACHERS  
WOULD DIE OF RAGE  
WHEN I ASKED  
'EM!

TOUGHEN UP!  
NO MORE CRYING!

BUSKING  
TACKLES DON'T  
FUSSEY, BOB—  
COACH LOOKS  
PLENTY SORE  
AT THE WHOLE  
CUTTY OF  
DE!

JUST HIS  
NATURAL  
EXPRESSION,  
NEO—WHEN  
HE SMILES  
HIS FACE  
CRACKLES  
LIKE A HOT  
RIB

OF ALL  
THE DAINTY  
DEFENSIVE  
WORK I EVER  
SAW I'LL BUILD  
A FIRE UNDER  
THAT VARSITY  
EIGHT  
NOW!

AND THAT'S FINAL!  
NOW YOU ELEVEN MEN  
GET BACK IN THERE AND  
PLAY FOOTBALL! I'LL NOT  
SUBSTITUTE UNTIL ONE OF  
YOU DROPS DEAD—  
DO YOU HEAR?  
DROPS DEAD!

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!  
SLASH THOSE PLAYS  
BEFORE THEY GET  
STARTED!

THEY'RE TAKING  
YOU SERIOUSLY, COACH—  
BLUDGORN'S ABOUT  
READY TO  
DROP!

OH, ROGARTY—  
GO IN AT  
FULLBACK FOR  
BLUDGORN!

THAT'S FUNNY—ROGARTY WENT  
ON THE FIELD, BUT HE'S  
COMING BACK!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS,  
ROGARTY? I TOLD YOU TO GO IN AT  
FULLBACK FOR  
BLUDGORN!

I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT  
PLAYING UNTIL THEY DROPPED  
DEAD, COACH, AND BLUDGORN'S  
STILL BREATHING!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

MADE IN U.S.A.

JUST KEEP WORKIN' 'EM DOWN  
AND WE'LL WIN THIS BALL GAME  
RIGHT NOW!

ALL THANKS  
TO THE BIG  
GUY!

AND  
I'LL HIT FOR THE  
HIGHLIGHT!

WELL  
AS YOU  
GO  
BRANT!

NICE GAIN, NED—  
WE'RE ONLY EIGHT  
YARDS FROM  
CALUMET'S  
GOAL!

WHAT'S THIS?  
THE REVERSE  
IS CALLING  
FOR THE  
BALL!

OH, NED'S SO FAR  
DON'T COUNT! CARTER  
IS BEING TRIALIZED!

FIFTEEN YARDS  
FOR HOLDING!  
AND SOON  
TIME FOR ONE  
MORE PLAY!

WELL, WE'RE BEHIND 6 TO 0—WE'VE GOT  
TO GAMBLE! TRY THE FORWARD PASS  
PLAY, BOO TO MYSELF, OR ANY SUITABLE  
PLAYER, UNCOVERED!

THANK OUR LINE CAN HOLD  
OFF THESE TWO RUSHING  
MEN!

IT'LL  
HAVE TO  
HOLD!

GET CARTER'S INTERFERING HANDS OFF  
OFF FIELD—DETERMINED CALUMET WARRIORS  
NOW MANFULLY SURROUND THE FIELD WITH  
THEir OWN AN INDIVIDUAL REVEREND—  
THE SUPERIOR STRATEGY  
TICK JAW!

BALL!  
GRAB  
THE  
BALL!

SHOULD BE BEAT AND HAS BLIND  
THE CALUMET BACKFIELD—GET, AS HE  
PUSHES BACK HIS ARM TO REACH THE  
TROUGH THE BALL WOULD GO!

THEY'VE MANAGED TO RECOVER THE BALL  
THOUGH IT WASN'T UNTIL THE END OF A  
SHORT, SHORT, SHORT, SHORT, SHORT, SHORT  
AND SHORT, IT COULD BE THE END  
OF THE GAME!

THAT'S GOOD  
YOUR OLD  
BALL  
GAME!

WE  
GOOSE-ROCKED  
THE GREAT  
CARTER  
OUTFIT!

IF ALL HAPPENS TO BEHOLD AND IN THE END THE LINE OF DEFENSE  
THE CALUMET WARRIORS A CHANCE TO PREVENT THE TOUCHDOWN—  
THEY'VE GOT TO BE SOME ABOUT CARTER'S SUPER LINE!







# NED BRANT

WASH  
D.C.

DOING DUTY AS LINEMEN, CARTER'S RAUCOUS BACKFIELD, BRANT, SHERKES, WOLF AND BLOODSON, IS MAKING IT POSSIBLE FOR A SUBSTITUTED SET-OF-BACKS TO ROLL OVER A TOUGH PUGET TEAM—CARTER HAS A LINE TODAY!

CARTER  
IT'S  
PUGET  
7!

IT'S  
OVER

WE'VE GOT  
THIS ONE  
IN THE BAG,  
GUARD  
BRANT!

THERE'S ONLY  
A MINUTE TO  
PLAY. BOO-  
LOOKS LIKE  
TODAY'S RIGHT—  
UNLESS THEY  
RUN THE  
KICKOFF  
BACK FOR  
A TOUCH-  
DOWN.



Ned Brant is introduced in the December issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale October 15th.





TEX 'SPITFIRE' ADAMS AND HIS COMPANION, CHUCK BOLTON, DECIDE TO TAKE THE JOB OF FLYING AMERICAN BOMBERS TO ENGLAND. ACCOMPANIED BY R.C.A.F. FLIERS AS WELL AS OTHER AMERICAN PILOTS, TEX AND CHUCK FLY TO NEWFOUNDLAND, JUMPING OFF PLACE FOR FLIGHTS TO ENGLAND.

EARLY DAWN AT BOTHOOD, NEWFOUNDLAND

THOSE B-24 MARTIN BOMBERS WE'RE FLYING OVER ARE GREAT PLANES, CAPTAIN TAYLOR

YES, TEX... THEY'RE PROBABLY THE FASTEST BOMBERS IN THE WORLD...!!

THESE THREE MARTINS ARE THE FIRST TO BE FLOWN TO ENGLAND... ANXIOUS TO SEE HOW THEY MAKE OUT

YOU'RE THE FLIGHT LEADER, CAPTAIN, AND I'M FLYING THE SECOND SHIP. WHO'S FLYING THE THIRD PLANE?



DAVE JAMES, AN R.C.A.F. MAN, IS THE OTHER PILOT... YOU'LL HAVE A CREW OF TWO MEN BESIDES YOURSELF AND BOLTON, AND THE SHIP'S ARMED WITH ONLY ONE MACHINE GUN IN CASE OF TROUBLE WHEN YOU REACH ENGLAND LATE TONIGHT





OKAY, TEX... LET'S TAKE OFF... IF YOU LOSE SIGHT OF ME ON THE WAY ACROSS, SIMPLY KEEP GOING ON YOUR OWN...



WELL, CHUCK, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE EVER FLOWN ACROSS THE OCEAN, BUT THERE HAS TO BE A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING.



MOTORS ROARING, TEX'S GIANT PLANE STARTS ROLLING...



...AND SOON THE THREE BIG MARTINS ARE HEADING OUT OVER THE RESTLESS ATLANTIC TOWARDS THE COLD DAWN...



WATCH YOUR MANIFOLD PRESSURE AND GAS MIXTURE, CHUCK... WE'VE GOT A LONG TRIP AHEAD!



REMEMBER, THIS CRATE ISN'T A SEAPLANE... IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG WE'RE FINISHED...



ENDLESS HOUR AFTER HOUR THE GIANT PLANES DRONE THROUGH THE EMPTY SKIES



SUDDENLY THE INTER-PLANE COMMUNICATIONS PHONE BUZZES IN TEX'S EARS...

FLIGHT LEADER TAYLOR CALLING ADAMS AND JAMES... JUST PICKED UP AN S.O.S. SIGNAL



OH-OH! SOMETHING'S UP!!

TORPEDGED SHIP ABOUT 400 MILES DEAD AHEAD ON OUR COURSE... INCREASE SPEED... WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE... THAT'S ALL!









ROARING DOWN UPON TEX'S  
LONE BOMBER ARE TWO  
RUSS ENEMY BOMBERS!!



SUFFERING SHAKES...!!  
LONG RANGE BOMBERS  
AIDING THE SUB... AND  
WE SPRANG THEIR TRAP!!



TEX'S GUNNER LEAPS TO  
THE PLANE'S ONE LONE  
GUN... AND OPENS THE  
BATTLE....!!



WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE...!!  
THEY'RE ARMED WITH CANNON  
AS WELL AS MACHINE-GUNS,  
CHUCK



THEY HAVE TO KNOCK  
US DOWN THOUGH...  
OR THEIR TRAP IS  
FOILED



THERE GOES  
THE SECOND  
ONE AFTER  
TAYLOR AND  
JAMES...

DUCK, RADIO CAPTAIN  
TAYLOR AND THE  
DESTROYER ABOUT....



THE ENEMY HIT US WITH A  
CANNON SHOT, TEX...!! THE  
RADIO'S SMASHED AND THE  
RADIO MAN IS DEAD....!!



DESPERATELY TEX TRIES  
TO EVADE THE NAZI SHIP,  
BUT HIS PLANE IS HIT  
AGAIN AND AGAIN....!!



BUT TEX'S GUNNER IS GOOD AND  
HE KEEPS UP HIS STEADY FIRING





SUDDENLY, AS THE BIG NAZI CRAFT NEARS THE BRITISH BOMBER TO DELIVER ANOTHER BROADSIDE, SMOKE WHIPS BACK FROM ONE MOTOR. ♪



THE ENEMY SHIP INSTANTLY BREAKS OFF THE BATTLE AND SWINGS AWAY TOWARD HOME... BUT THE FLAME AND SMOKE GET THICKER. ♪ ♪ ♪



THE BND COMES SUDDENLY WHEN THE FLAMES REACH THE WING FUEL TANKS. ♪



OH BROTHER, DID THAT CRATE BURN... HEY TEX, WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR SHIP?

OUR TAIL CONTROLS MUST BE SHOT AWAY! I CAN'T HANDLE HER!



BREAK OUT OUR RUBBER BOAT, CHUCK! THIS PLANE IS FINISHED—AND WE COULDN'T WARN THAT DESTROYER ABOUT THE SUB BELOW US. THAT'S WHAT HURTS.



WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET, CHUCK! TELL THE GUNNER TO HANG ON!



WHEN THE NAZI SUBS SPEWERS MATCH THE NAZI DESTROYER...

OUR FLYERS DID NOT DIE IN VAIN, KAPITAN! THAT CURSED BRITISH PILOT IS ALSO GOING TO CRASH!!

CONTINUE ON COURSE! WE WILL NOT BOTHER TO PICK THEM UP.



THEY ARE DIVING RIGHT TOWARD US, SIR...!

ACK... WHAT CAN THEY DO... THEY HAVE NO BOMBS.





SET SET, BOYS... I'M GOING TO TRY AND SLAM OUR LEFT WING AND MOTOR INTO THE SUB'S CONNING TOWER... WE'LL LAND IN THE SEA ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SUB... I HOPE



ACK! HE'S GOING TO HIT US... CRASH DIVE!



TEX'S TIMING IS PERFECT... TONS OF HEAVY MOTOR AND WING HURDLE INTO THE SUB'S EXPOSED CONNING TOWER WITH A RESOUNDING CRASH!



AND THE WRECKED BOMBER SLAMS INTO THE SEA SOME DISTANCE AWAY



THE COCKPIT HATCH IS JAMMED! QUICK... OUT THE REAR HATCH, CHUCK...



I THINK MY ARM'S BUSTED, BOYS... WHAT A CRASH!!

HANG ON TO ANYTHING, BOYS... I COULDN'T GET THE RUBBER BOAT OUT... THAT CRUISER SHOULD BE HERE SOON...



NEARBY, THE SUB ROLLS DRUNKENLY, UNABLE TO SUBMERGE BECAUSE OF HER SHATTERED CONNING TOWER, AND EASY PREY FOR THE ONCOMING BRITISH WARSHIP



LATER, ON THE CRUISER

THE SUB SURRENDERED THE MINUTE SHE SAW US... YOU SAVED THIS SHIP AND MAYBE MANY OTHER BOATS BY YOUR DARING IN EXPOSING THE FAKE S.O.S. SIGNALS, TEX.

WE SURE DID IT THE HARD WAY THOUGH... BUT WE'RE ALL SAFE NOW!







The Northern Lights crackled and hissed. Steam rose in spirals from the gaping mouths of the sled dogs, straining at their traces. A howling wind blasted against their faces.

Cine Burnham, eldest member of the party, lay on the sled, wrapped in furs. He had frozen his feet two days before, and was unable to stand on them.

The Lapp driver, Yakut, kept howling at the lead dog, which was showing signs of wearying. If old Mola gave up . . . the prospect of being stranded on the frigid steppes of northern Siberia held no lure.

For three weeks they had been traveling through almost perpetual darkness—the long night of the far north. What lay at the end of this terrible trek they didn't know. The Finch expedition, looking for radium, had left New York five months ago. They had been last heard from at Norrod, Russia's last outpost of civilization.

"They're all dead. Bound to be dead." That was the opinion of nearly every member of the rescue party. All of them but Eric Vale. He had a theory that if those men knew the country at the top of the world, there would be no reason for them to starve.

A pack of trail wolves lamented dionally about nine that night, coming up to within fifty yards of the small flame. But a growing blizzard drove them off. The wind whooped and snarled down over the steppes like a wail in torture, and the temperature skidded to 64 below.

Then they were on the trail again, Yakut yelling like an Indian to his dogs. Steam from their breath froze in a glare of ice over the animals' heads, but they kept up their mile-eating jog.

Three days passed. Or maybe it was four. It was hard trying to keep up with time in that unending night.

On the fifth day, rugged snow hills suddenly loomed out of the semi-gloom. They were somewhere between the Ob and Yenisei rivers. Their destination was the Gulf of Ob, in the Kara Sea; but it was an easy matter to get lost in that vast plain of ice. Food was running low and the dogs had to be put on half rations. If they didn't find their objective soon . . .

Then abruptly they sighted a great bluish flat plain ahead and below them. The Gulf of Ob! Somewhere there they would find Finch and his nine companions. Or their bodies. To the right towered a mighty mass of ice—the Kara glacier.

They were ten hours reaching the frozen coast. The Northern Lights seemed to be flashing directly overhead now. Mighty explosions echoed from the glacier as its slow movement caused portions to break off.

They set up a temporary base, built a snow windbreak for the dogs, and rested. Sleep in the far north is the traveler's most deadly enemy. One freezes to death without waking. So it is that one of the party must remain awake.

Eric elected to take the first watch, and it was about an hour after the others had slipped into deep sleep that he saw a strange sight. Rising up in a ring about him were a half hundred squatty figures, all dressed in white furs. Eric leaped to his feet and tried to draw his automatic, but his fingers were too numb. And before he had time to claw the weapon out, they were upon him, silently, but with a weight of numbers that drove him to the

snow. (A flat, unsmiling face pressed close to his and said something in a clucking monotone.) Then they let him up and, pointing to the others with short spears, ordered him to rouse them. It took ten minutes to get the exhausted men awake, and they sat rubbing their eyes for a moment.

"Well, what's this delegation?" growled Perkins, who had been to northern Siberia before.

"Who are they, Yakut?" Eric demanded of the Lapp.

"Me don' know. Snow devils, maybe."

"They seem to want us to go along," Perkins said. "Well, why not? We can hardly do any worse."

Harnessing the dogs to the sled which contained the still sleeping Burnham, they set out with the strange coveys of white-clad figures. Who were they? Science



had never reported a race this far north . . .

An hour's march took them around the southern extremity of the giant glacier. A short jaunt from there the leader pointed to a great hole in the ice wall. It was a tunnel of considerable dimensions. After they had gone what seemed a mile, Eric stopped.

"Say, what is this?" he demanded of the leader.

Perkins chuckled. "Loquacious old chap, eh? The whole thing's got me, Eric. Here, we stumble on a new race—or they on us—and we take a tour of a glacier. It don't make sense!"

The leader of the band shook his head and prodded Eric, motioning him ahead. None of the



other natives spoke a word, so Eric quit trying to converse.

After twenty minutes of marching, they came out into a cavern of vast size. The ceiling, of solid ice, ran up, up to limitless heights. It was a world all in itself. A world of ice! Snow houses stood everywhere. A small stream meandered through a bed of ice nearby. As they neared the houses, their occupants came rushing out, some of them bearing small skin drums and chanting in a weird tongue.

"There's Finch!" cried Eric. "And look—there are the others!"

Finch greeted them heartily. "Sure glad to see some white faces! Welcome to the world of ice!"

"What's it all about, Mr. Finch?" Eric asked.

"It's a weird place, all right, Vale, but they've been pretty good to us, kept us from starving for the last few weeks."

"Who are they?" Perkins said. "Not Eskimos?"

Finch shook his head. "I don't know. They don't do much talking, and when they do it sounds like rubbing a stick over an old-fashioned washboard. Unquestionably they are an unrecorded people . . ."

The leader of the strange tribe came up then and by signs made them know that they were to follow him. A short walk brought them to one of the snow houses. This, the squat native made them understand by motions, was to be their home.

"Thanks," Perkins said. "Hope there's a hot tub waiting!"

There was just that! A wooden vat hung over a bed of red coals in one corner of the shack.

"Jupiter!" cried Perkins. "The comforts of home!"

There was a pot of food, too—meat, boiled with something that resembled lichens. They all ate heartily, except Burnham, who was still too sick to partake of more than broth. Just before they finished, Finch came in, grinning.

"Well, I see you like it, too," he said. "Know what it is?"

"The meat you mean?" Eric said. "I don't know. Long pig, maybe. There's no game up here, that's a cinch!"

"Maybe it's one of their enemies," chuckled Perkins.

They pressed Finch for more details.

"For three weeks we've been cramped up in here," he explained. "Found a small streak of radium, but it would cost too much to develop. Ran out of food, so this was a life-saver. We can't start back without supplies—and they are simply nil."

Perkins said, "Then I guess we're all stuck here, unless we can find their source of food."

"These chaps seem to be waiting for something," Finch vouch-



sured. "Or at least that's the way they impress me."

Less than a week later they all knew. They awoke one morning to find the cavern bright with sunlight. Sunlight! It was a welcome sight after the long night. Burnham had recovered the use of his frozen feet and was able to be about.

Finch burst into their house while they were hawking a pot of tea. "Something's up!" he announced. "They're throwing some kind of wing-ding out there—welcoming the sun, or something."

The great cavern was alive with white-clad natives. Near the middle of the huge cavern there was a ring of squat dancers, leaping and chanting like Indians. Several of them left the ring and came toward Finch's house. A moment later two of his companions were dragged from the shel-

ter, yelling, toward the dancing group.

"Hey!" cried Finch. "this looks bad. They're going to offer a sacrifice, evidently."

They had thrown the two Americans to the snow and were binding them with thongs when Eric said, "Wait! We'd better stop this right now!" He ran into the snow house and came out with several sticks of dynamite.

"Brought these along to blast ice, in case we had to," he explained. "Watch!" (He lighted a stick and hurled it far up over the crowd of natives.) It exploded with a mighty roar. He followed it with a second. Falling, screaming, the natives ran for the tunnel entrance. In five minutes the white men were alone in the world of ice.

"Come on," said Eric. "I think I know where their meat supply is." He led them half around the great cavern, then swung into a dark tunnel that ran at right angles to the one that led outside. "It's only a chance!" he said, as they ran, with flashlights exploring the gloom. They came at last to a place where the ice walls had been hacked and great pieces broken off. Eric pointed with his flash.

"There it is!" he exclaimed. "Plenty of food—a million years old, but food!"

It was true. Ahead of them, as far as the eye could see, the towering ice walls were frozen solid with countless huge bones—bony mammoths, of a dim era when dinosaurs and pterodactyls filled the young world.

"A herd of them must've been caught somehow," Eric said. "And glad I am that they were . . . Well, here are some axes, and I will have some dynamite. Let's get us some ancient steaks and get out of this ice world!"

"Yeah," drawled Perkins. "The dogs are hungry, too."

ANOTHER ERIC VALE THRILLER  
**THE JADE ONE**  
IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF  
**CRACK CRACKS**  
ON SALE OCTOBER 15



# OFF THE RECORD By ED REED,



"WHAT'S THIS WHISKER DOING ON MY HUSBAND'S SHOULDER?"



"JUNIOR! STOP PLAYING WITH YOUR FOOD!"

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO HER. WE'RE NOT SPEAKING."



"I ALWAYS WANTED A MAN I COULD COUNT ON."

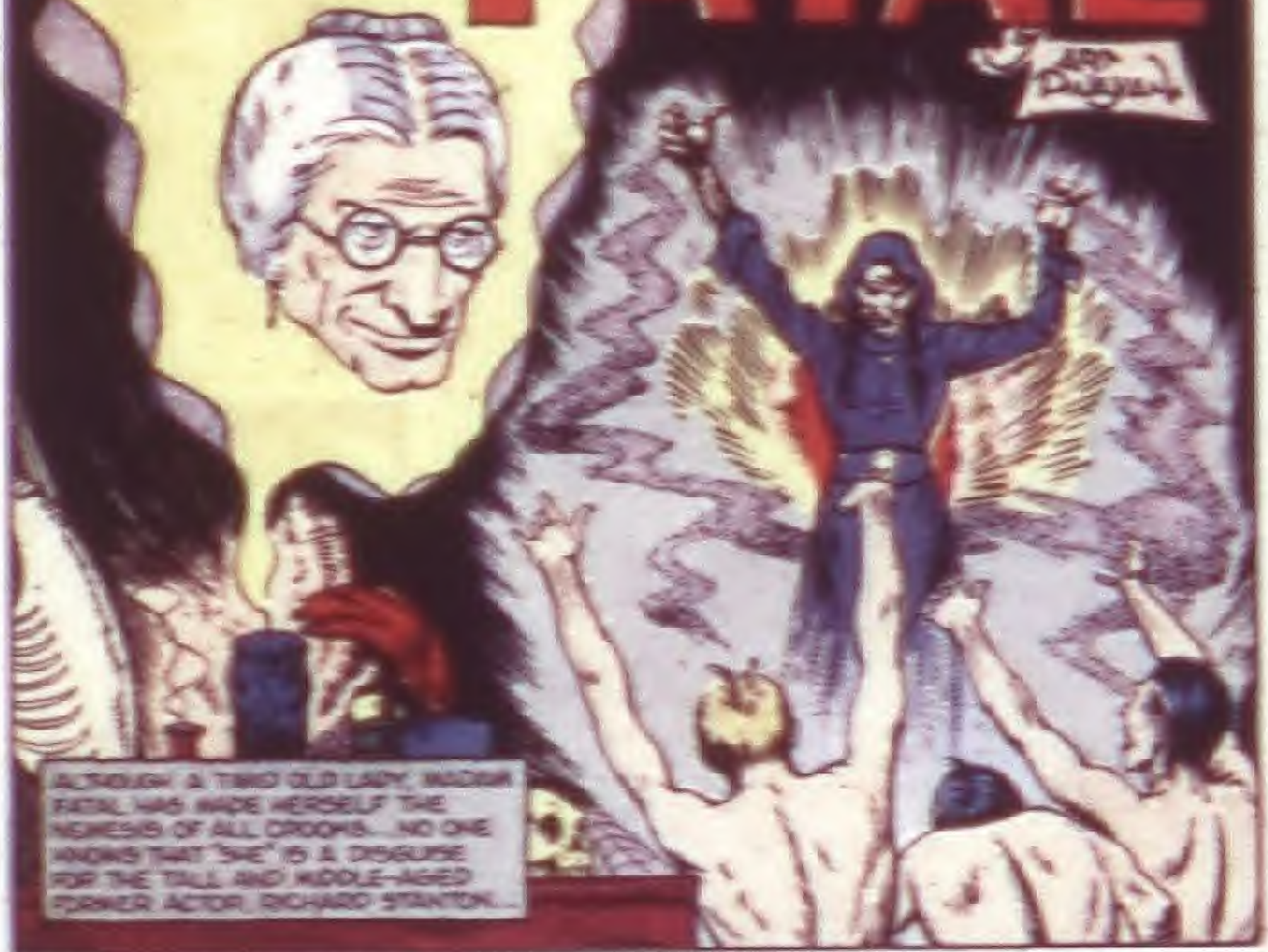
"HE THROWS THINGS WHEN HE GETS MAD!"



"WHY NOT TAKE THE MONEY WE'VE BEEN SAVING FOR A RAINY DAY AND GET THE ROOF FIXED?"



# MADAM FATAL



ALTHOUGH A TINY OLD LADY, MADAM FATAL HAS MADE HERSELF THE NEMESIS OF ALL CROOKS... NO ONE KNOWS THAT 'SHE' IS A DISGUISE FOR THE TALL AND MIDDLE-AGED FORMER ACTOR, RICHARD STANTON.

SOMEWHERE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...



GO AND BRING HER HERE... I MUST HAVE HER! IF YOU FAIL, IT WILL MEAN DEATH!



WE OBEY YOU WHO COMMAND OUR WINDS, O BLACK WITCH!

LATER, SEVERAL GIANT FIGURES TROD MECHANICALLY DOWN THE COUNTRY ROAD...





IT IS LATE AT NIGHT AS RICHARD STANTON AND HIS EXPLORER FRIEND TOM WIDE WALK HOME...



SOMEHOW I DON'T TRUST HER... THE WAY SHE LOOKED AT MAJORIE... WHAT'S THAT?



MEANWHILE IN TOM WIDE'S HOME...



AS STANTON AND WIDE REACH THE DRIVEWAY...



A POWERFUL BLOW FROM BEHIND DROPS STANTON...



LATER... OH-H! THEY'VE DONE IT AND TAKEN TOM TOO! THEY MUST'VE HEADED FOR THE SUBURBS—THOSE WENT BE TOO CONSPICUOUS AROUND HERE... GOT TO FOLLOW 'EM!



TEN MINUTES LATER—A POWERFUL CAR TAKES TO THE ROAD WITH A STRANGE FIGURE AT THE WHEEL... IT'S NABAR RAPPA!









SUDDENLY A CRUSHING BLOW FROM BEHIND DROPS THE GUARD

MADAM FATAL OPENS THE CELL DOOR.....



AN OLD LADY?  
ER-I'M  
TOM WADE!



THANKS - ER, MR.  
WADE! - YOU  
CERTAINLY HIT  
THAT BIG APE  
IN TIME!



THE GUARD'S  
COMING  
TO-I'D  
BETTER  
BOOK HIM  
AGAIN?

NO-WAIT!  
IF MY  
GUESS  
IS RIGHT...

OH-HO!  
WHERE AM  
I?



THAT BLOW HAS  
KNOCKED HIM  
OUT OF THE  
TRANCE THE  
BLACK WITCH  
HAD OVER HIM!

QUICK.....  
TELL ME -  
WHAT IS  
THE BLACK  
WITCH UP  
TO-WHY  
HAS SHE  
BROUGHT MY  
WIFE HERE?



SHE WANTS TO TAKE THE  
HEAD AND BLOOD OF A WOMAN  
TO LOOK FOR THE SECRET  
OF ETERNAL LIFE SO SHE  
CAN CARRY ON HER WORK  
OF CRIME AND DOPING  
OF ZOMBIES!

SO THAT'S IT!  
COME ON -  
I HOPE  
WE'RE NOT  
TOO LATE!



LOOK! SHE'S  
PREPARING  
TO START THE  
CEREMONY -  
I'VE GOT AN  
IDEA - LISTEN...



BEFORE A LEERING IDOL ON A STONE SLAB LAY MAJORIE WADE  
AS THE BLACK WITCH RAISES HER KNIFE...



BEFORE SHE CAN STRIKE THERE IS A SERIES OF BLOWS BEHIND HER...



A MOMENT LATER THE TWO ZOMBIES SEEM TO COME OUT OF THEIR DAZE...

WH-WHERE AM I?



MY MIND SEEMS FREE NOW... I-I CAN THINK!

SUDDENLY THE TWO AWAKENED GUARDS MOVE TOWARD THEIR FORMER MASTER...



YOU HAVE ENSLAVED US... WE WILL KILL YOU!!

NO-

THOSE BLOWS HAVE AWAKENED THEM FROM MY TRANCE... GET BACK OR I'LL FIRE, FOOLS!



BUT MADAM FATAL ACTS LIKE A FLASH...



BEATEN, THE BLACK NITCH TURNS AND PLUNGES THROUGH A WINDOW!



WELL-THAT FINISHES THE BLACK NITCH... SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD LAND IN THAT PILE OF HAY BUT SHE MISSED IT BY INCHES!



LOTS OF PEOPLE HAVE SEARCHED FOR THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE... DO YOU THINK SOMEONE WILL EVER FIND IT?

CAN'T ANSWER THAT - BUT I DO KNOW SOMEONE WHO CAN GET OLDER AND YOUNGER JUST TO HELP PEOPLE OUT OF TROUBLE!





# SNAPPY



I'M GOING TO THE BEACH SIS-WAY?

IT'S JUST THAT I WISH YOU'D BE EXTRA CAREFUL-



I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING THAT YOU MIGHT GET INTO TROUBLE TODAY

SAUCKS-PROBABLY NO MORE THAN USUAL



WHAT HARM CAN COME FROM KICKING AN OLD BEACH BALL AROUND?



WHAT THE - ?

?



IT WAS AN ACCIDENT MISTER - LET ME EXPLAIN!

YOU FRESH KID! WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHAT YOU'RE DOING!!



LEAVE THAT KID ALONE - PICK ON SOMEBODY YOUR OWN SIZE!

AW-SHUT UP!



DON'T TELL ME TO SHUT UP!

HEY!



LEAVE MY BROTHER ALONE YOU BURN!

YOU SHARSHA MY WAGON - I BREAKA YOU' NECK!

WAO WE?



CALL THE RIOT SQUAD JOE!

SWACK!

SOCK!

OOOF!

WHAM!

SOCK!



OH-OH! C'MON SPOT WE'D BETTER SCRAM!



WELL, DID ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU?

NOT QUITE!

Follow Snappy in the December issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale October 15th.



# Rube Goldberg's Side Show





# The CLOCK



WHEN BOBMY CRIMINAL, BEYOND OF WEALTH, CRUSADES AGAINST CRIME AND EVIL, HE DOES SO AS THE DREADED CLOCK AND OFTEN HE IS ASSISTED BY HIS DOUBLE AND FRIEND, THE GRAY.

GEORGE E. BOENNER

ELDA DAVES, CITY CONTROLLER, ENTERS HIS DEN FOR A QUIET SMOKE AFTER DINNER-



I DON'T RECALL LEAVING ANYTHING GENT--



AS HE OPENS THE PACKAGE A HEAVY SMOKE BELCHES INTO HIS FACE-



AND ELDA DAVES IS DEAD-





THE NEXT MORNING--

COMPTROLLER DAVES  
FOUND DEAD!

VICTIM OF POTASSIUM  
CYANIDE POISONING

NO CLUES FOUND ON  
PACKAGE CONTAINING  
THE GAS.

THE NEWS IS READ BY THE  
MAYOR OF THE CITY---

DAVES--  
DEAD!!

IT'S THE WORK  
OF THE MOB THAT  
SENT THOSE--

SUDDENLY A COASH OF  
GLASS SPLITS THE AIR--

WHAT TH--  
A NOTE--

"We Mayor--  
Daves death proves  
at mean business--  
now its up to you to  
see that this city pays  
me one million dollars  
or else-- further  
instructions will  
follow tonight.  
The Terror  
[Signature]

THE POLICE-- I MUST  
GET THE POLICE-- RIGHT  
AWAY!

AND THE FRIGHTENED MAYOR  
SPEEDS TOWARD HEADQUARTERS--

MEDWHILE BRIAN O'BRIEN,  
ALIAS THE CLOCK, TALKS TO  
HIS FRIEND CAPTAIN KANE  
HOPING TO END INFORMATION  
THAT WILL SOLVE THE DAVES  
KILLING--

I TELL YOU,  
BRIAN-- NOTHING  
POINTS TO THE  
KILLER--







A man in a dark suit stands in a room with a large window and a table. The man is facing the camera, standing in the center of the frame. He is wearing a dark suit and a white shirt. The room has a large window with white curtains in the background. To the right of the man is a small table with a red object on it. The floor is light-colored. The overall image quality is poor, with a grainy texture and some color distortion.

A man in a red suit is running towards a yellow house with a large double door. A speech bubble above him says: "THE POLICE - I MUST GO TO THEM - I'LL BE SAFE THERE". The background is a snowy landscape with evergreen trees.

W-WHAT ARE YOU?

THE CLOCK IS MADE TO HELP YOU.

A person in a dark, shiny, form-fitting outfit is captured in a dynamic pose on a red carpet. The person's legs are spread wide, and their arms are raised, suggesting a dance or performance. The background is a bright, overexposed area, possibly a stage or a large outdoor space.



AS THE DOOR FLIES OPEN, A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION SPLITS THE AIR---



SEE?

Y-YES -  
WHAT WILL  
I DO - THEY  
MEAN TO  
KILL ME

LAY LOW FOR AWHILE -  
I'LL SPREAD THE WORD AROUND  
THAT YOU INTEND TO DENY -  
AND LEAVE THE REST  
TO ME ---



FOR THE NEXT TWO DAYS, THE  
CLOCK DISGUISED AS A DETECTIVE  
SNOOPS THROUGH THE UNDER-  
WORLD PICKING UP THREADS OF  
CONVERSATION



AND SOON WHAT HE HEARS  
HE DEDUCTS -



EVERYTHING SEEMS  
TO POINT TO  
"BUND'S" SALE -

HE'S BROKE SINCE  
THE CITY AUTHORITIES  
STOPPED HIS PIN BALL RACKET  
AND IN TURN, HE'S  
TRYING TO HOLD UP  
THE CITY ---



BUT IT'S  
GOT TO BE  
PROVEN!

THAT NIGHT THE CLOCK,  
AS BRIAN O'BRYEN, CALLS  
ON CAPTAIN KANE --



DO ANYTHING  
ON THE DAVE'S  
CASE, CAPTAIN?

YES -

I PUT OUT A COAG-  
NET AND QUESTIONED  
EVERY KNOWN CROOK  
IN THE CITY!



ER-AM-BALE  
YOU ??





MIDNIGHT-- AND THE CLOCK  
AWAITS THE ARRIVAL OF THE  
TERROR--





THE TERROR DELIVERS A BLOW THAT KNOCKS THE WIND OUT OF THE CLOCK--



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE CLOCK STANDS CONCEALED IN THE TERROR'S HOME AND TAKES CAREFUL AIM JUST ABOVE HIS SHOULDER--



THE MIRROR SPLITS INTO A WEB OF CRACKS--



Don't miss the next sensational adventure of The Clock in the December issue of CRACK COMICS.



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